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THE NEMO AGENDA

Kal Jerico... bounty hunter... dead man!





BAMBLADE! BAMBLADE! I have a little present for you, Bamblade. I've come to realise that perhaps I am a little hard on you and, despite being a slithering doggoeder, you're the only slithering doggoeder I have met here in the Immaterium so I thought I'd get you a little token of my appreciation. Here, open this box.

Oh GUTSPEN, AND IT ISN'T EVEN MY BIRTHDAY. What is it? Is it one of those flammies that I've always wanted? Or a new bolter because I've worn my old one out dispensing the Emperor's divine retribution upon you?



IT'S BETTER THAN THAT. It's a pet to keep us both company as we float, disembodyed, through the Warp.

A PET? You shouldn't have, Gutspeen. You know, I think I may have been wrong about you all this time... oh by the Golden Throne! It's a great big spider! Gutspeen, you know I hate spiders!



FOR THE LOVE OF KHORNE! Did you really think I'd give you a gift? I can't stand your good nature or the way you always say your prayers before bedtime... oh, and by the way, that spider's poisonous.



OUCH! It just bit me. I'll get you back for this, Gutspeen, you Khorne-loving freak... I feel dizzy... If it's the last thing I do I'll make you suffer so much you'll wish you were never spawned... I can't feel my legs anymore... I think I'm paralysed. Gutspeen, what are you doing now? No, please put my bolter back! I take it all back, I didn't mean it. **GUTSPAWN!**

DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA!

NEXT ISSUE:

ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME?



Inside this comic...



DAEMONIFUGE

Ephrael Stern and Inquisitor Grimm must fight for their lives... as Chaos shows its hand!

HELLBRANDT GRIMM

The ruthless bounty hunter is back, in this dark tale of treachery and powerful holy relics.



KAL JERICO

With enemies closing in on every side, can Kal and Scabbs survive long enough to discover the mysterious box?

MORDHEIM

In the City of the Damned, Ull and Marquand face the paritanical wrath of the Flayed!



GAMES WORKSHOP

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SOMEWHERE IN THE WARP

❧ HAIL KHORNE! HAIL KHORNE! ❧

• DEAR GUTSPEW and Warhammer Monthly people, I truly love your magazine. Before, I was bored reading the same comics over and over, with the same plot and story but different characters. Yet then I discovered the miracle of Warhammer Monthly, or is miracle to a strong word for people influenced so much by the Chaos forces?

To get to the point, I would like to make a few suggestions. When I purchased no. 36 of Warhammer Monthly, I was really excited by the ork-story. Many people love orcs or orks. Yet I have not seen much stories with them. Some say that it would make ork[s] look stupid, "Duh, I hit da thingy with a rock and then it go on." Yet I don't think you should make a story like that, rather one with a third person view. For example maybe an intelligent half ork[s] is writing down how a warboss found a gargant and his crusade to unite some orky camps against the humans.

I have not seen really that much dark Eldar stories, and right now much of their history is known. One thing I don't like is craftworld Eldar, some day the Chaos forces will devour the craftworld Eldar for they did not listen to the shart dark Eldar that fled into another "realm".

I wish Gutspew were not just some cranky Chaos guy who reads letters and gets frapped by Banekblade. I think Gutspew, and yes maybe Banekblade... should be more different characters that can be in interviews with the people of Warhammer Monthly, or maybe they could tell of what will be coming out in the future and so on. I just can't wait until Chaos devours all, and the suffering of so many humans will end when the erpicator is gone, and the craftworld Eldar shall be tortured forever and all that will be left is Chaos and the Dark Eldar.

Read in hand, destroying the... Ok, I think I have gone a little too far. Well, if you don't believe me that you make Warhammer Monthly so good, let me give you an example. I HATE blood angels, yet I just loved the strips that you make with them. Incredible, huh? Well, keep on slashin'!

— Warlord Slenko, via email

❧ My dear Slenko, so lovely to hear from you. But what's all this about me being a "cranky Chaos guy"? Your obsession with the forbidden pleasure of Slashin' has twisted your mind, you loof! Have a box of minatures and calm down!

• DEAR BANEKBLADE, may I ask a question? How in the Emperor's eyes, do you hold off from dealing with Gutspew and his infernal grouching? Your conduct is highly - and most - exemplary indeed... you deserve admiration and a compliment. Gutspew drives you nuts! And that is really what I admire about

you, sir: your restraint!

Anyhow, to some questions... well, queries really! Why not ask Mameus Calgar to send you a relief, so that we can see you in action in WHM? Calgar leads your 'brigade' or 'chapter'. As your brigade C.O. - he would understand your great need to fight again and bring honour to the Ultramarines! If Gutspew means once too much, WALLAH! A brand new definition of a 'splittin' headache created! In one fell swoop!

• Hope you'll get to see this letter! And may the light of Calgar's wisdom and the Emperor's benevolence, light your illustrious self!

— Stephen Farthing, Bristol

❧ And may the spiky fist of one of Khorne's finest soda come and silence your prattle forever! Mameus Calgar? I could have him! Bring him on, bring them all on... oh look, here comes one now.

• GUTSPEW, call yourself a Chaos warrior? Letting that Imperial pansy Banekblade live for so long. Also that Redeemer fellow must be turned towards the ways of the new real Emperor, ME. More stories about Imperial guardsmen getting severely killed by Chaos Space Marines would be very entertaining. Also models of the primarchs including Horus and the Emperor. I must be off now, my first officer on my Space Hulk has just mutated into a Bloodthirster and is trying to take over the ship.

Die, you Emperor-loving hippie!

— Alan Shields, Dunfermline

❧ Let that be a lesson to you, worm. No one criticises the powers of Chaos and escapes unscathed. Ah-ha-ha-ha!

.....
WE ARE GRANTING your pleas for mercy, you Emperor-loving ticks. The last offenders to mighty Khorne will receive a Salamanders tactical squad box set - just so you can set them up and watch them be defeated by the mighty armies of Chaos!

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"MY HAND KILLED CRACKS. HAD BORN
ITS WILL OF DULCITY WITH CONSUMMATE
WILL. GORDON AND I WERE SHAMED!"

"I WAS
BORN TO
BREAK THE
LINES OF
YOU!"

"LITTLE GIRL, HAVE
A CARD. DEATH WILL BE A HELPER
COMPARED TO THE AGONY THAT WILL
BE YOURS IF YOU OPPOSE ME."



DAEMONIFUGE

THE LORD OF DARKNESS

CHAPTER THREE

Script: Ray Wallace
Art: Ray Wallace
Letter: Mike Speranza

"AND THOUGH OUR
PRIDE HAD
JEOPARDISED
EVERYTHING, THAT
PARTICULAR SIN
WASNT OURS ALONE."



"A HUMAN BEING
IS COMPLEX."

"OF ALL
THE IDIOTS
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?"



"MADE OF MANY
INDIVIDUAL LAYERS!"



"NEVER
JUDGE A BOOK BY
ITS COVER!"







SAKURAI, NIGOHASHI, AND YFE



TO HAD ENOUGH
I WANT ABOUT
TO LET ANOTHER
INQUISITOR GIVE
HIS LIFE AWAY

THE
SCREAMING
CAME MADE
ME BETTER
THAN THAT



I WANT SOMEBODY TO
DO SOMETHING
FOR THE WOMAN



Even an INQUISITOR
NEEDS HELP SOMETIMES



THREE
BORN



YOUR
BOOK, THREE
BORN



THREE,
CARRON, JUST
ART BORN





CAPTAIN,
WE HAVE
THREAT.

ALRIGHT,
HERE!

DEFENSE
SQUAD! CUT
THE SHIP IN TWO
SEAL OFF THE
CORRIDORS!



THERE ARE
ENDPOINTS ABOARD
THAT CRAPTS DELIRIOUS
OF ITS COMMANDERS
PERIOD.

ROUND
STILL.

I'LL NOT
HAVE MY MISTAKE
COMPOUNDED BY
THEIR DELAY.



IT'S TOO LATE,
WOUNDED, THEY
ARE ALL BEYOND
HELP.



DON'T DRAW THEIR
SOULS. YOU KNOW
WHAT MUST BE DONE.



AS IT WAS
FORESHOWN.



...SO SHALL IT BE!



THE COVERT OPERATION OF INQUISITOR GRINN CAN BE JUDGED A SUCCESS?



THE DEBILITATED CARDINAL BELSHAM WAS CONSIDERED TO BE A THREAT OF SLAUGHTER.

HE AND ALL UNDER HIS INFLUENCE HAVE BEEN TERMINATED.



A COMPLETE SWEEP OF THE CARDINALS SOVEREIGN TERRITORY WILL BE INITIATED.



THE UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF THE SCORING MAY HAVE PROVED ESSENTIAL TO THE COMPLETION OF HIS MISSION AND INQUISITOR GRINN'S VERY SURVIVAL.



CONSENT PRIORS ON OPTIMA HE HAS BEEN NOTIFIED OF BASTION STRONG CONVICTION.

REINFORCEMENT OF THE CONSENT WILL BE DEDICATED AT BATHURSTON. A FULL INQUIRY IS EXPECTED SINCE SHE DISPLAYS UNUSUAL ABILITIES.



A COPY OF THIS REPORT WILL BE RELAYED TO THE HIGH LORD INQUISITORIAL, AND THE CORDO PALACIO.



CAPTAIN ARAL HORN OF THE INQUISITION LIGHTSHIP ~~AWAY FROM~~ LEAVING OFF.



The priests of The Temple of Sigmar the Merciful in Brindol know better than to SQUANDER resources.

For there, in a moon-gleamed bay and night, is housed a MAGICAL cap said to have once belonged to Sigmar himself. A cap from which a man need only drink to be cured of any wound or illness.

Pilgrims come from across the Empire, and SIGI join battling for themselves and their loved ones.

Tales of Hellbrandt Grimm

Wary of suborning the cap's powers, the priests sapped them off, and it has been since a century since the cap was last used -- **Albrecht of Nole, WONDERS OF THE OLD WORLD**

YOU WISHED TO SEE ME, GRIMM?

AN HOUR FORGONE THE HOUR, BUT THERE ARE MATTERS I THOUGHT BEST DISCUSSED BEFORE YOU TAKE MY PLACE AS HIGH PRIEST.

COME CLOSER, THE TIME IS SHORT.

GRIMM? ARE YOU UNWELL?

DON'T WORRY, THEIR'S LIFE IN THESE OLD BONES YET, BUT WHAT I WISH TO SAY IS FOR YOUR EARS *alone*.

YOU ARE A REPORT MAN, KLAUS, AN ~~ADVENTURER~~ QUALITY, BUT SOMETIMES, IF HIS TEMPLE IS TO SURVIVE, A HIGH PRIEST MUST RAISE ~~ISSUES~~ OVER DEEDS.

IT IS WITH PAIN IN MIND THAT I WOULD TELL YOU OF EVENTS THAT HAPPENED HERE WHEN I WAS BUT A YOUNG NOVICE.

OF THE FIVE DEMANDS OUR HIGH PRIESTS AND OF HOW IN ORDER TO RECOVER IT, OUR HIGH PRIEST MADE DEALINGS WITH ONE OF THE ~~WORTHY~~ MEN THESE LANDS HAVE EVER SEEN...

THE BLACKHEARTED KILLER, HELLEBRANDT GRIMM.



IN THOSE DAYS,
THE CAPTAIN OF THE
TEMPLE GUARD WAS A
RECKONING MAN.
THE HORSEMAN.



THE HORSE AND
JEWELRY FOR THE
GREAT STONE THEY PUT
IN GATES AND KNOWING
HARLUM AND GROWN
BEFORE. BEFORE TO
PROTECT THE CUP AT ALL
COSTS, THERE WAS NO
ONE TRUSTED MORE.



IN HIS YOUTH
HE HAD MADE HIS LIVING
THROUGH TRICK AND DECEIT, BUT
THE YEARS HAD REVEALED HIM AND
FALLING IN LOVE WITH A LOCAL WOMAN
HE HAD REFORMED HER AND
SETTLED DOWN.



IN THE WE WERE JEWELRY FOR ONE NIGHT
AIDED BY CONSPIRATORS WHO ENTERED THE
TEMPLE DISGUISED AS PILGRIMS, AND AFTER
LEAVING A DEAD MAN IN HIS NAME.



HARLUM STOLE
THE CUP.



WITH ITS LOSS OUR
TEMPLE FACED DEATH BUT
SOMEONE SMILED UPON US
THAT AS WORD REACHED US
OF A MAN CAPABLE OF
TRACKING THE THIEF.

A MAN WHO HAD
SERVED WITH
HARLUM IN THE PAST.

YOU UNDERSTAND
NOT ONLY MUST THE CUP BE
RECOVERED BUT ALL THOSE INVOLVED
IN ITS THEFT MUST DIE AS A
WARNING TO OTHERS.



YES, YOUR
WISDOM THAT ALONE
ENOUGH.

AND WHAT
OF HARLUM? I HEAR
YOU AND HIS WIFE FRIENDS
CHASE--



IN MY TRACK,
A MAN LIVES AS
MUCH BY HIS WORD
AS HIS BLADE.

THE NO TRUCK
WITH CONSPIRATORS,
WHEN HARLUM AND I
HEARD OUR
ACQUAINTANCE, THERE
WILL BE NO QUARTER
GIVEN.



THEY SAW A
HIDEOUT
SHOULD BE
JUDICIOUS BY
NATURE, AND IF HE
EXPECTED TO LIVE
AND PROSPER,
SHOULD PRACTICE
CAUTION IN ALL
THINGS.



THEY WERE WISDOM FELLOWS WHO
KNEW WHEN WELL.

JUST AS HE KNEW HARRISON WAS
NOT A MAN TO MAKE MISTAKES.



AND BEING THAT THE
THIEVES HAD MADE NO
ATTEMPT TO HIDE
THEIR TRACKS.



BEFORE THEY AN
ARRIVAL WOULD NOT
BE LONG IN COMING.



DIE! YOU
SCURRY SON
OF—



WAS HONEST!
WHERE IS GABRIEL
DARRINGTON IS THE
HORSE!



GURHAM!

NOW, WHILE NOT BY INVOLUTION A *SAHAGLITER* MAN, HANDBURN HAD NEVER INTENDED TO SHARE THE FRUITS OF HIS GAINS WITH HIS FOLLOWERS.



KNOWING THE PEOPLE WOULD SEND FLASKETS THROUGH, IT WOULD COME IN THE SHAPE OF A COINTEGRANT. HANDBURN LEFT HIS FOLLOWERS TO DIE.

WHILE HE RODE RECKLESSLY WITH THE GUYS' SILVER.



SAHAGLITER BY HORSE!

YES, YES, AGREEMENT. AS HE AGREED - A FEW MORE AND A BAGFUL OF GOLD. BUT FIRST, *JUST GET THE GUYS.*



A FEW ON YOUR SARGASSA, LEFTY! TWO GUYS MEANT FOR BETTER THAN *HOPE*.

NOOO!!



BUT YOU HAVE AN *OPINION* TO ME?



THEY WERE THE SAME

THEY WERE THE SAME

THEY WERE THE SAME



SAHAGLITER

POUNDED ON A PINE SH HORSE, HAILGUY SWIFTLY
OUTSPACED HIS PURSUER. WERE IT NOT FOR SHANG'S SKILL
AS A TRACKER, THE MATTER WOULD HAVE ENDED THERE!

BUT, AS IT WERE, BY
MID-MORNING,
SHANG HAD FOUND
HIS QUARTER.

...THOUGH EVEN HE COULD NOT
HELP BUT BE ~~ASTONISHED~~ AT
WHAT HE SAW INSIDE.

HER NAME WAS
MARGARET. SHANG
SHE WAS MY WIFE
AND SHE WAS
GONE.

SO YOU
KNEW THE
GUY?

TO HAVE SHOWN A
THOUSAND HELLS FOR HER,
GUY. WHAT WAS ONE GUY
MORE OR LESS?

BUT IT WAS ALL FOR
NOTHING? NO SOONER DID
SHE ~~SHANG~~ FROM THE
GUY THAN SHE BREATHED
HER LAST.

I AM SORRY
FOR YOUR PAIN,
HAILGUY.

WHICH? THAT I AM
SUFFERING NOW, OR
THAT YOU ARE YET
TO BELIEVE?

THEY SENT
YOU TO KILL ME.
OF COURSE,
THE FISTS?

OF COURSE.

SHANGGGG!!

DON'T BRING IT! WOULD SHANG
BE TO HAVE TO LOSE A WIFE
AND KILL AN OLD FRIEND IN
THE SAME DAY.

YOU
SUFFER AN
GUY, HAILGUY,
BUT I'LL NOT
BRING MY
WIFE.

THERE
ARE WORSE THINGS
TO HAVE ~~SHANG~~
GUY.

SHANG



HUNK!

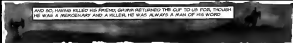
SHHUNKKI!!



FORWARD, IN
DEATH, HUNSAH
AND I WILL BE
REUNITED?



EVEN
THOUGH THEY SAY
THERE'S NO PLACE
FOR CATHEDRALS
IN FASHION...



AND SO, HAVING KILLED HIS FRIEND, HUNSAH RETURNED THE CUP TO US FOR, THOUGH HE WAS A MERCENARY AND A KILLER, HE WAS ALWAYS A MAN OF HIS WORD.



AND
WHAT OF
HUNSAH'S
WIFE? WAS
HER DEATH
PART OF
HUNSAH'S
VENGEANCE
ON HER
HUSBAND
FOR STEALING
THE CUP?

HURRY
YOU SEE -
AND THIS IS WHY
YOU SHOULD HEAR
THE TALE - THE
CUP HUNSAH
STOLE WAS A
~~SECRET~~



THE
~~SECRET~~ CUP
OF HUNSAH
WAS LOST
OVER A
CENTURY
AGO

OF COURSE
IF SUCH A FACT
HAD BECOME
COMMON
KNOWLEDGE OUR
TEARFUL WOULD
HAVE BEEN
REMOVED AND SO
A ~~SECRET~~ WAS
MADE



A CUP THAT
WAS INFILTRATED WITH
~~SECRET~~ PERSONS TO ENSURE
THAT ANYONE WHO LEARNED
OF ITS ~~SECRET~~ WOULD
TAKE IT TO THE
~~SECRET~~

Hanson is a thing for
the growing. And for
those who have nothing
to lose by it.
pains The Thoughts of
Enigma the Sognoles

THE END

KAL JERICO in "THE NERVO AGENCY"

HE RAISED HIS HAND SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY HE TRIED NOT TO THINK ABOUT THE PARTICULARS OF THE AND ADMITS FATHERS' SUFFERING WHICH WOULD BE PART OF THE UNDESIRABLE

HE THINKS ABOUT SCARDS, and he knows that the ORANGE LITTLE HALF-ORBIT ROCKS OF THE MESSAGE HE LEFT FOR HIM AT THE CLIFF WOULD connect with

•EPISODE TWO•

UNCLASSIFIED//NOFORN
UNCLASSIFIED//NOFORN
TRACED WITH OUTLAW BOOK
SERIALS - LEO HIR, DOUG HIR

THIS JOB WILL BE YOURS ALONG
IF YOU TRULY VALUE YOUR
FUTURE. YOU DON'T WANT
THAT IN THE FOREGROUND OF
YOUR MIND. CONSIDER: LIFE
ISN'T THAT AMBIGUOUS.

WILLIAMS, LINDA
DANCE TILLS HIGH WITH
ON THE JEWEL FORMER
THE BEST OF US TO THE

DEATH, CARRAGE
DEATH, CARRAGE

THESE ARE THE TERMS
OF A PROPOSED
ACQUISITION

For more information, contact
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 or call 800-451-7273.





OF COURSE, IN
KAL'S CASE,
THAT'S A GOOD
BUT Y'ALREADY
NECESSARILY
BETTER

SHOMP



WELL, WE'LL
LOOK WHAT JUST
DROGGED ITSELF
UP FROM THE
SLURP



LOOKING
FOR
SOMETHING



YOU DON'T
REMEMBER ME,
DO YOU?



Possibly
this will help
remember you











WELL, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU
WOULDN'T WANT TO SEE

THE FLAYER,
BUT THE HEARD OF
HIM, SUPPOSED TO BE
ONE OF THOSE CRAZY
SEPARATIST, ISN'T
HE?

WELL, SEE
WHAT ALL THE FLIES
IS ABOUT. I HEARD FOR
HIM, TROUBLE. CAN ONE
FLAYER-KILLING
MACHINE AND HIS
ARMY OF MURDER
AND STARVED
GHOSTS BE?

TERRITORY
MURDERERS ARE MOST
HAVE STRUCK ONTO
THE TERRITORY OF
BOTTLE THE
FLAYER

WELL, SEE?

I WOULDN'T BE
100 PERCENT SURE

Mordheim - City
of the Damned

6: The Flayer

Script - Gordon Rennie

Art - Paul Smith

Letter - Dana Corbett





